FOREIGNERS IN THE FAR WEST.

RUFUS HATCH AND HIS GUESTS AT THE MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS.

DEPENDENT WAITERS-GERMANS IN AN UNREA-AONABLE FRAME OF MIND-VALOR OF SOME DUTCHMEN-SKETCHES AND INCIDENTS. FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE, TANDIOTH HOT SPRINGS, Yellowstone National Park, Aug. 31 .- " You fellers can't have any cakes

morning; the cook says he'll be blowed if he sies any more," announced the waiter unconcernedly as he arranged the breakfast dishes in front o of the young Englishmen in our party the ther day. Well, this is a rum go -"

#1 say. my man, can't you persuade the artist in the kitchen, you know, to -"

Ascornful twist or the lips, a defiant toss of th head and a look in which pity and condescension nd in a remarkably becoming manner are the mly answer the remonstrances of the hungry foreigners evoke from this choice sample of the selfad and independent waiter of the West. At leisure and with the greatest composure he ds to remove the plates from an adjoining able, and his charges in the meantime are left to shift for themselves as best they may. A week's however. They boldly advance upon the itchen on a foraging expedition of their own and eturn presently laden with dishes and eatables Everybody follows their example now, since it is im le to secure anything to eat unless you want an hour or so; and even then you rarely get what you ordered. You desire a steak for breakfast and a mutton chop is put before you; you wish to have some boiled trout and you are given a salt exerci. The management of the hotel is scarcely to blame for this state of things when it is taken consideration that only three months have pared since the first attempt was made to entertain m this wilderness, and that to get servants of any description out here is almost next to im-The men who wait on the tables have er done similar service before. They are taken rom the stables, from the saw-mill, from the mines rom God knows where, and they seem to perform with a reluctance only equalled by the om of their manners and the unconvention lity of their speech. They are easily offended, it sems, and are quick to resent any insult, fancied or their sense of manhood. Such, cerply, was the experience of one of our friends, a loving, inoffensive Dutch merchant 'n the India trade, who happened a few days ago to arouse in a rather curious manuer the wrath of me of the gentlemen in waiting. He had been eated at the table fifteen or twenty minutes paheatly waiting for some one to remove the dishes which had accumulated in front of him, in order to ch some dessert which lay hidden underneath a le of plates. Innocently enough, and with the et intention, I am sure, he placed some of the es on the floor at his side, ate his pudding or whatever it was, drauk his coffee and departed content with himself and at peace with all the world. At this critical moment the waiter arrived upon the scene. You ought to have seen the anger and disgust depicted in his face as he beheld he plates at his feet. The foreigners who saw him, dare say, fully expected him then and there to draw s revolver from his pocket and avenge the indignity ed to his person in the blood of the poor Hollander, who was just then enjoying a quiet smoke on the piazza outside, little suspecting the storm he ad raised within. The waiter generously forebore to do anything violent and contented himself by uttering in a snarling tone, loud enough for everybody within ten feet of him to hear, as he picked up the dishes: "If I was a Dutch prince, I'd have maners, d-d if I wouldn't; just feel like hitting him in

the law with a plate!" DO AS THE ROMANS DO." There are few among us disposed to grumble at this treament. On the contrary, I believe, the jority rather enjoy it. It's novel. Some even go as far as to declare that these border manners have gnite a charm of their own. And then, it is so very h more prudent to pretend to like them than to express your dissatisfaction, in a region where the revolver has the reputation of being the leveller of all ranks and where the graves of those who die with their boots on are as numerous as the groggeries of a three-months-old frontier town. It takes considerable time for a foreigner, particularly

an Englishman, to find himself in the ways of another nation and to become reconciled to the nners, habits and modes of life of other people. The ease with which an American adapts himself to strange circumstances and surround! tisual source of wonder and surprise to him. Nowhere perhaps has he a better opportunity of seeing this happy faculty displayed than right here. Men leoking more like tramps and border rufflans than civilized human beings turn out to be millionnaire merchants, or bankers, or lawyers; men who have achieved a National reputation in different branches of the learned professions or in the public service of their country. They live and dress like the natives (some even affect the carrying of fire-arms); they treat the guides and teamsters employed and paid by them as their equals; they do not hesitate to sit at the same table with them or share their company of an evening on the same side of the camp fire; in a word, they respect in each other the man without reference to the position in which accident or late may have placed them. How different the foreigner! He can never quite lay aside the sir of superiority which he assumes at home when talking to a man whom he has hired to perform some service for him. The payment of money seems to transform the recipient of it into a being of a lower order, at least in his opinion. With a good-natured smile of condescension, tempered by a thought perhaps of the ease with which they imagine revolvers are made the adjuncts of social intercourse in this part of the country, our foreign friends were finally induced to engage in conversation with the guides and drivers who lounge about the corridors of the hotel. After a little while some even venture to be that they have begun to accustom themselves to the free and easy manners of the far West. By actual count, a member of the party assures me, our favor-the "chappie," who daily visits the barber-shop without having the slightest occasion for the services of its presiding genius, has actually refrained from addressing the crizzly guides and miners of vices of its presiding genius, has actually refrained from addressing the grizzly guides and miners of the neighborhood in his grandest and most patron-izing manner, beginning "I say, my man," more than five times in a day. A decided improvement upon previous performances of his in this line. EXACTING GERMANS.

If I say that most of the foreign guests are begin ning to appreciate the manhood and frankness which is hid behind the rough exterior of the people out here, 1 - must except some Germans in our party. They are unable, it seems to me, to accommodate themselves to any class of men or circumstances. They loudly complain of the impudence of the " coacumen"; their familiarity disgusts them. They find fault with the cooking. Fruit to begin breakfast with and griddle cakes with molasses; good heavens, who ever heard of such things in the Fatherland! A waiter actu ally had the hardlhood to put before them a halftied quart bottle of claret when a pint bottle had been ordered and no pint bottles were to be had within 500 miles of the camp! And no ice to be got! It's perfectly dreadful! And the roads-they n a shocking condition! They do things differently in Switzerland. There they have fine highways and plenty of good things to eat, and they have good servants and baths and God knows what miles to roast during the daytime in clouds of dust and at night freeze on the ground under six double These complaining

pairs of blankets!

These complaining martyrs should have visited these parts ten years ago, when the country was acarcely known to the white man, and they would have considered themselves lucky perhaps to be able to cook their supper at a smouldering fire and then slink off to the bushes for fear of leading their scalps to some prowling Indians whom the smoge might have attracted to the spot. Those cays seem but yesterday to the old settlers around heare, and to expect good roads, good fare, good service and all the other good things found perhaps in switzerland or other countries equally well-knewn to the European tsurist, borders on the nureasonable, to say the least. I repeat it, wonders have been performed by the Improvement Company since I began work here, and there is every reason to believe that each succeeding year will see more saturated and the succeeding year will see more saturated and the succeeding year will see more saturated and the park. All that is required

is time, and every sensible person will be disposed voidable this seas

AN EASILY PLEASED FRENCHMAN. In marked contrast to the dissatisfaction so vehemently expressed by our German friends is the con duct of Professor P-, a young Frenchman whom his Government has sent over to study the public-school system of this country. His temper is never ruffled and he is easily pleased. He enjoys "roughing" it and thinks it is "awful jolly." Imagine a man about twenty-six years of age, over six feet in height, lean, lank, with stooping shoulders and a head well bent forward, legs which seem weak at the knees but are capable of performing a prodigious amount of work when necessary, feet of a size to-well, the less is said about them the better-and you have the general make-up of our professor. The childish delight expressed in his beardless face whenever he meets something that is new to him, from an Indian pappoese to the antlers of an elk, does one's heart pappose to the antiers of an elk, does one's heart good. He is a great investigator and, upon reaching the end of a day's journey, before you know it he is off on foot exploring the surrounding country. At Niagara Falls he astonished us by walking one afternoon some twenty miles to inspect an Indian reservation; here he fairly took our breath away when he turned up late on the first evening of our arrival, saying with great glee:

"Been on top of Electric Peak; washed my head in snow and took a little nap up there: It's very

in snow and took a little nap up there; it's very

in snow and took a little nap up there; it's very nice."

How he got there in the absence of trails or paths of any description remained a mystery to most of us. The fear of getting lost in the woods or among the rocks, or the risk he ran in encountering, unamed, a bear or some other wild animal, did not seem to concern him in the least. An act of greater courage than this, however, should be recorded of him. He arrived in this constry, with hair picturesquely falling upon his shoulders in ringlets. One fine day in passing along the streets of New-York he espied a barber-shop, and within an artist at work on the head of a customer with one of those little machines known as horse-clippers. This was a novel y. He forthwith decided, very heroically indeed, to prove the usefulness of the minutes time the obliging barber had gratified the professor's thirst for knowledge and revealed to the outer world in its finest proportions what must certainly be the professor's bump for investigation. The professor, notwithstanding his looks, is a general favorite with the ladies; he certainly is an admirable companion, a close student of everything, and deservedly popular with the men.

THE POPULARITY OF A NOBLEMAN. THE POPULARITY OF A NOBLEMAN.

A dangerous rival to the Frenchman's popularity Lord H., a good-natured, whole-souled, jovial Irishman, who, when he first joined us, was rather disposed to quote Tupper and drink whiskey, the former before ladies and strangers, the latter among friends of whom he soon found a large number. H has now substituted common sense for Tupper and nobody will deny that that and " Bourbon " (pronounced with the correct French accent by the noble lord), joined in the right proportions go a great way toward making an agreeable travelling companion. The editor of a little local paper pub lished in one of the towns along the line of the railroad described him in terms more terse than ele gant, perhaps, as a "bully good fellow, whom w welcome with right good will to the boundles plains of the Far Northwest." And on the whole I am inclined to believe that he is right. While talking of noblemen I must make you acquainted with largor noblemen I must make you acquainted with Baron S., a Frenchman, who is here as the corre-spendent of the Paris Figaro. Like most of his countrymen he is profoundly in love with himself and after that with the ladies. They pronounce film "perfectly lovely," but somehow his talk must be just a trifle tiresome, for they never remain in his company for any length of time. In return he in-trenches himself behind a number of those yellow-covered French novels which are eyed askance by trenches himself behind a number of those yellow-covered French novels which are eyed askance by the modest-loo ing young English woman on the other side of the room, but the very sight of which positively produces a shock to the feelings of that severe and respectable-looking matron, her mother, DUTCH SOLDIERS IN THE WILDERNESS, The two Dutch gentlemen accompanying our

party created a sensation this morning in the lower hall of the hotel by appearing in full uniform (they are both officers in the militia of their native country, sabres at their sides, spurred and booted, ready, I might almost say, for action. The natives stared, the guests gathered in groups and wondered, the ladies left their rooms and ca t admiring glances upon the bold warriors, and as for the fev children that are staying at the hotel-well, their delight at the night of the "soiers" actually knew no bounds. Even Rufus Hatch stopped short in the act of imprinting a chaste kiss (he has an exas perating fatherly way of doing this to every pretty girl in the party, and does it all under cover of his venerable looks)-even Rufus Hatch, I say, had to stop short in the act of imprinting a kiss upon the cheek of one of the young ladies and turned around and paid a tribute of admiration to his martial guests. Strange to say, our valiant friends are said to be willing to forego the pleasure of a tour through the park. It is whispered about that in their opinion it is not safe to venture abroad. They ave seen others place their money and valuables in the note sate, previous to starting, the prudent men, they argue there must be some danger in the trip and they are not willing to encounter any risks or run the chance of losing their lives in this inwelses region. But this must be base slander. Duten soldiers don't know what fear is,

lives in this nawless region. But this must be base slander. Duten soldiers don't know what fear is, and they wouldn't travel all the way from Amsterdam to see the wonders of the park and on its threshold turn about. I'm sure they'il go.

X. who talks disparagingly of everybody, I think, started this story. He is old and soured. If he was not so venerable-looking I should say that he had been crossed in love quite recently. He questions our noble lord's claim to his title, he doesn't doubt for one instant but what the baron is hired at hone to lead the german or give tone and character to the entertainments of an ambitious bourgeois for so many france a night, and—there, by Jove, he is sitting now on the opposite side of the room while I am writing here, whispering into the ear of a lady. I'm sure he is talking about me and saving things not at all flattering to myself. It's intolerable—I'll go and disturb them. Under such trying circumstances, is a man to be blamed for ending a letter abraptly?

LUTHER RELICS AT WITTENBERG.

From The London Daily News.

The "Castle Church," which is called "the Cradle of the Reformation." was erected in 1499, but the original building exists no more. In 1760, during the Seven Years' War, Wittenberg was besieged by the Austrans, and during a bombardment the church and a large part of the city were destroyed by fire. In 1770 the present building was erected on the old walls by order of Frederick the Great. The old wooden doors, destroyed in 1760, on which Luther had nailed the toeses, were replaced in 1857 by Frederick William IV by double bronze doors, ten feet high, cearing in Gothic characters the original Latin text of the minety-sive theses. In the interior of the church the most interesting object is naturally the bronze slab marking the Reformer's grave. It lies on the southern side of the middle asile, and bears the following inscription—plain and simple as the Reformer's life:
"Martin Laneri, S. Theologiae D. coopus a. I. s. e. (qui an. Christi MDXLVI., xii. Cai Martin Eyslebi in patrias. In o. e. v. ann. LXIII. in II. d. X.

It is certainly a noticeable face that this inscription does not coincide with the usually accepted date of Lather's birth. If he really lived sixty-three years, two neoths and ten days, as stated on the slab, he must have been born on Docember 8, 1482, as he died, beyond doubt, on February 18, 1546. There has always been some uncertainty as to Luther's birthday, even his parents not being quite certain, as mentioned by Melasethon. The now generally accepted date of November 10, 1483, is bused on a statement by Luther's brother 13acob.

The old Augustine monastery, in which Luther passed so many years of his life, even after renouncing his

10, 1433, is based on a statement by Luther's brother Jacob.

The old Augustine memastery, in which Luther passed so many years of his life, even after renouncing his monkdom, stands in the Collegienstrasse, and was erected over 500 years ago. The Luther-house, which forms part of the ancient building, is reached by crossing the court. It was presented to the Reformer in 1526 by the Elector John, and has been restored intely. Its front is decorated with Luther's portrait, and the inscription, "Hier lebte and wirkite Dr. Martin Luther, 1508, bis 46." The sandstone doorway, which was a present from his wife Catherine in 1540, bears on the right Luther's escutcheon and on the lett his bast with the circumscription, "Etatis sue 57. In silento et spe crit fortindo vestra." The chief point of interest in the house, which now forms a Luther museum, is the Reformer's study and day-room.

The chief point of interest in the Reformer's study and day-room.

In a small antechamber some interesting relies are preserved in glass cases: Luther's beer gobiet of boxwood, hand embroideries by Fran Catherine, and the fragments of a drinking glass, thrown down and broken by Peter the Great during his visit to Wittenberg on memorated his presence by writing his name with chalk on the door, and the imperal autograph has been preserved for two centuries by being covered with Iglass. Luther's study remains unchanged in its original condition; the huge stove of colored tiles, built after Luther's own design, the great sliding table, the window benches, the carved ceiling, all remain as if the proprietor had only just stepped out. Other rooms in the house contain a great number of Luther's libbe in parts, printed by Luit, at Wittenberg, medals and pamphiets of the Reformation, etc. Unfortunately, this interesting collection remains without a descriptive catalogue.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Deacon Jones, Mercy!" exciaimed Deacon Jones, "see here! They say that the oyster supply is rapidly diminishing! What are we going to do at our festivals this winter! We sha'n't make enough to pay for lights and fuel, let alone the parson's salary." "Oh, don't be alarmed," replied Mrs. Smithson, the most prudent soul in the society; "don't be alarmed, deacon; I, took the precaution to save an oyster over from last year. I guess it will carry us through, if we are careful with it. "[Boston Trauscript.

BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND. THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD

WAY LOUNGER. Mr. Proctor, of Richfield Springs, who carried the Cot vention there, is described to me as the son of a wealthy man and a graduate of Yale. His father owned Baggs' Hotel at Utica, the old railroad stand and cheese exchange. The son thought he might as well bring up and develop that property as become a lawyer or politiciau. So he turned a landlord, became a model one, cultivated a farm to supply his table, 'acquired the rival property in Utica, called the Butterfield House, and several year ago took up old Richfield Springs in the vicinity of Utica, and nationalized it. There is no good reason why " min host" should not have been " my classmate-

I have been told of some good points across politics be tween Governor Charles Foster and Calvin Brice. The atter is a Democrat at Lima; the former a Republican at Fostoria. They went into railroad operations together first from Sandusky westward, next from Sandusky eastward, and finally from Toledo southeastward. time Brice was hard pressed and was Foster's debtor. He said: "I do not see my way out. You had better take my house, my farm, and such small matters as I ossess, and make your credit good." "No," said Foster I want you to be of use to yourself and me and the State. Here's more money; go ahead and find some-thing to do. You are full of it." Brice accepted the charity and the encoaragement, and in a few years was rich. He then said to Foster: "Don't you want some of this enterprise? It's going well." "No," said Foster, keep it yourself." "You want something," said Bric for your campaign expenses." He sent Foster from the returns of an investment made for him \$30,000 Some gentlemen who told me the above matter, re marked: "Foster does plenty of such things, and love to make money for other men. He carries the friendship of hundreds of strong men, without regard to party, in our State, and if he were ever up for Senator, or Vice President, or President, they would be heard from."

Reading up the record of the last convention held at before the pending Democratic one-August, 1848, which nominated Van Buren and Adams and through that side ticket made Fish Governor an Seward Senator-I remarked to a friend: "How little politics looks now compared to that great émeute! Yes," said he, " and notwithstanding the vituperati hate and uncharitableness of that period, how majest cally the physical life and humane legislation of th country went along! The scorn of politicians for each ther is no more than the various changes of the weather and frequent storms to the growth of the crops. We are always being warned that everything is evil, yet v are always doing well. The wrath of man is made to praise the Lord. Those who possess the patience and bhilosophy to take high stations, and can get above the quarrels of mere setters-on, stand equal to each other in succeeding time, and Van Buren, Calboun, Cass, Dix, all that lived discordantly, get their due with posterity."

A public man whose social connections are fmuch out side of politics-I think I may name the late Lieutenant Governor, Dorshelmer-said to me not long ago: "The ons, and the fathers, too, of rich families in America and it is the case as well here in New-York, would like to be in our public life. They do not know the way in. I have heard expressions often in that direction. The standard of American public life is good and is felt so abroad. The adventures toward public life here are extraordinary compared to the pursuit of a seat in Parlia ment or in a foreign Ministry. The tendency is upward ather than backward. I perceive it in the tone of the I olitical literature and biography; while our system re quires large personal sacrifices, it is that toward which the age is nastening. Wealth is not a barrier to public life here; too often the rich hesitate to make the gecur lary sacrifice to be elected that the poor, comparatively will make. But the instinct for public life is there a last, and that is, perhaps, to be the great social as wel as mental field after a time; for, after all, there is no sport or passion like being in the Government. All reading, all careers, develop toward it."

Mr. Hendricks is again the seriously considered ca didate for President in the preferred circles of Tammany Hall. Last summer he saw the Sachems and Winooskie They like to be placated by a great and talked it over. nan. Tilden scarcely whispered in their bosoms. dricks almost wept. The Tammany mind cannot hold a great deal of wisdom at the same instant, and the recent attempts to boom Holman, so as to kill off both McDon ald and Hendricks and to boom Tilden two days in the week, so as to take him down the other four and boo the author of "the Republican party must have went, comprises the Wincoski intellect. So they say: "Hea dricks was our man in '80, and we know he will divid

An adventurer once borrowed the money to buy a two undred-dollar pony, which being light and tricky uttrotted the town, until its jeckey became ulsance and cried from his sulky as he cut at innoces bystanders with his whip, such epithets as "Full-bree horses must go," "Smorman's the coming sire!" Finally a costermonger, seeing that there was money in the ony trade, procured an old broken-down race-horse of him to trot, let his mane and hair grow shaggy, sat-on his head to give him humility, put a burr under to give him liveliness, and taght him to lay his belly close to the ground and make a sliding trot. Then the was entered for the two hundred-dollar-stake and in a little while began to creep up on the Smolmar pony, and the excitement among the stable-boys and ewsboys and other gamins was so great that suddenly four-hundred-dollar animal, originally of same good blood streaks, but which from imperfect training and bad temper had always broken at the start or run into the fence, and was getting to be good for nothing seemed to its owner good enough for the two-hundred-dollar races, at least. So this person, to bling his old gelding down to pony size, resorted to the ruse of am putating him at the knees, hoping that by jumping or his stumps, energized by innate spicen and sheer price of stock, the humiliated racer would carry off the small purses. It was found, however, that the amputation was so clumsy that the old gelding had no processes or knuckles left to jump on; he had been dissected abov the knees! So the Smolman pony and the costermor ger's "weed" are still getting the small boys' money, an there is wild excitement in the aristocratic betting circles that climb the board fence around the Brighton Beach track.

Mr. George Pomeroy, o' Toledo, tells me an agreeable reminiscence of Senator George H. Edmunds's late visit to Canada: "Henry Hogan, of St. Lawrence Hall, a man of fifty-five, of an English father and a French mother and speaking French like a native, is a rare sportsman, an old steeplechase rider, and has a fine salmon river of which was taken in June a fish weighing ferty-six pounds. He told me that some people he knew in Wash ngton or New-York wrote him, asking that he invite senator Edmunds to fish in his river, but like an olsportsman he was wary, and wrote first to New-Yor and Boston to find out what kind of a person the Senate was before be invited him. I presume the report wa satisfactory, for he had him on, and, more than that went up there to fish with him. One morning they wer out early to make a kill, and whether successful or not l do not remember, but it got along to where Mr. Hogan was hungry and proposed going to his cabin for breakfast. The Senator demurred, saying he had a couple of biscults, a piece of pork and some gin, and that was enough for both, or Mr. Hogan could have it all. Mr. Hogan laughed at the prospective spread, but Mr. Edmunds proceeded to woak the biscuits and build a fire over which he hung the pork on a spit, splitting the bisnits and putting them underneath to catch the drip pings from the pork, which all cooked out leaving only the lean, while the biscuits frying in the pork int were delicious. Whether they took the gin before or after I have forgotten, but the breakfast seemed to have cemented the friendship of the two men."

The tall, fawn-formed lady was played with Clara Morris last Monday night at the Third Avenue Theatre under the name of Miss Kate McKinstry, was Mrs. fcKinstry, the wife of a presperous merchant now liv ing in Thirty-fourth-st., New-York, but who came with his wife from Syracuse, and they were of good consider-ation there. She is without a family and with a zest for the stage, and her husband indulges her.

The late Stephen Foster, who was the Sir Arthur Sulli van of America, writing its most plaintive songs, has a brother, the Hon. Morrison Foster, in Pittsburg, who writes me concerning a recent stage debut there: Crosman is my niece, and is a granddaughter of the late General George H. Crosman, of the United States Army She is described in Pittsburg as very handsome, with fair complexion, large expressive blue-gray eyes, perfect nouth and teeth, and a smile that lights up her whole ountenance. She, however, relies upon her merita alone for success in her profession."

I think I see no nuisance which is unfescribed, like the ower order of newspaper hangers-on about the increasing number of our theatres. None of these men bear any respectable relations to theatrical criticism; they haunt the theatres to find their only social life among the

nore friendless or ausponsored young actresses, whon they try to contaminate and drag into that vortex of envy and " shop " talk out of which no genius ever rises. They are ever on the lookout for any business cit'z who is "struck on " an actress, and watch his outgoings and incomings to see if he can be turned into a morsel of ensation some morning. They stand between the the atre and men of the press or letters as the peggars in Egypt stand bet seen visitors and the Pyramids, and ne managerial Khedive is wanted to put them at work, as upon the stone quarries at Blackwell's Island.

Agnes Ethel is now described as the very happy wife of Mr. Tracy, of Buffalo, who has wealth, leisure and

President Arthur seems to be out of favor with his efficient " Boys," who ran his primazies in this city and to tell the truth, brought out a great deal of the Republican vote that would else have stayed at home. The Boys," once the apples of his eyes, - wherever eyes are in apples, perhaps the specks,-have found that great elevations are incompatible with old obligations; have lived to see "ingratitude" where once all was Hot Scotch and Johnny Smyth. The great captain affairs has been laid low in his native Albany and re fused a seat in a Republican Convention be rony of fate, in the very suburbs of the city of Utikee, as all the natives pronounce it. We may drop a te on both sides of the wall, for, like the little boy in the Sunday school, we can be impartial about the spots The little boy in the Sunday school heard the teache res 1: " Can the leopard change his spots ?" said the boy, "he kin." "How, how I" spoke the teache sternly. "The Bible says the leopard cannot change hi spots!" "Yis, sir; he kin," persisted this unique, frest "How, how !" thundered the teacher. Said the boy: "I reckon if the leopard don't like this yer spot ! can go over yonder and lay down in that spot !" we weep with the "Boys" and have a moist spot, too for the President. Prince Hal had to dismiss Falstaff? Granted, yet we weep for Falstaff most. We almost weep for Poins and Bardolph. When Pistol eats the leel we laugh, but do not rejnice; for, on the whole, we dislike Fluellen.

No, la belle alliance may be strained but must not l broken. The mystic chords reaching from Washingto o the Victoria Hotel and the Custom House in New York forbid it. As this concord produced strange result so this discord lights like a friction machine the path to the ideal. The President has seen that all were not by pocrites who asked for more open and more democrat ethods of party government. The "Boys" have seen that their cherished friend can coal on them by b transplanted to more lefty [laces. Human nature re mains the same all around. The "Boys" want to tak the opportunity that all great politicians take, when in a cui de sac, of proclaiming for the people. resolve that the best people not only may but shall go to the primaries, and go and find them and compel them to come. I would not wonder if men like John O'Brien and Robert McCord, who have what the Irish call "murtherin winnin' ways," might by elevating their standards an trimming toward the kid-g-ove elements, reach distinctions, they or their teachers dreamed not of. Thes Boys" possess all that Arthur had, except sufficient respect for the social side of life. Let them look off int the great continent of their country where the Repubican vote ebbs and flows like the ocean that once rolled there, and join the spontaneous forces which indicate Presidents and raise them up from simple life like Garfield, a man who, had he lived, might still have disap pointed his enemies but would never have been ashame of his country friends.

If the tunnel under the Hudson River does not give as early prospect of success, the Pennsylvania's station at Jersey City must be enlarged; for the number of trains over different railroads going out of this station is extravagant. About sixteen passenger trains of Lehigh Valley road alone go and come; the West Shore, and the Ontario, and Jersey Midland, and Susquehanna, and Amboy, and Long Branch, and Baltimore and Ohio, and all the branch and stem trains in Jersey of the Pennsylvania come and go, and of late tumn excursion trains to Mauch Chunk, Wyon ing and the Waverly State Fair crowd the station at the morning and evening hours. In this and in other respects it is the leading railroad station of New-York, and the great peach trains lie out on the Hackensack plains among miles of other freight ears, seeming to like passengers crowding at the narrow ticket gate of the Bergen cut. If the tunnel is practicable and can be don within reasonable time, extensions at Jersey City will not be pressed, but a failure of the tunnel will probably lead to some extensive station being prepared there

Senator Pugh, of Alabama, is one of the old-tim ng Senators, of Weish stock like Henry the Eighth, and of that King's great voice, broad tread, large ch square head and capacity to bear armor. He is affable and sensible and can be amused. I said to him during the week that a good many people here thought it was the State Senate's Committee on Labor and I United States Senators who were in session in Newtork. "Ha, ha!" said the Senator. considering the number of cranks who have come before us, and a great many knowing nothing of the subject but thinking they do. "Yes," said I, " the pulpit gentry are hooked too, I see." "Do you mean the Rev. Heber Newton !" said Senator Pugh; "ah! that was a treat. That man's testimony cou "Was it fully reported !" "No. It ought to have seen literally reported. It contained more logical ob servation, earnest study and devotion to the labor question than all that we have heard put together. astonishing. He is a young man yet, hardly forty-five, out he has been thinking like a missionary on the con dition of laborers, has travelled to examine it in Europe and his head and soul are full of it. All his ideas are clear and practicable; there is no theory about him. He uns an analytical mind and has looked at the problem of modern times without idealism or superstition. The whole committee was charmed with the man and the patter. He talked it oft, appealing now and then to some notes, and he poured a flood of intelligent light and sense on the subject that made us think at last we had sense on the adolest corne to solid evidence." " Was he more a master of the aubject than Henry George?" "Ho! That telow is a mere crank." Two reflections came to my mind here: the great necessity of the Church pitching out a witness of whom a Southern Senator could speak like that,—the Church that does not follow and dares not lead,—and the little hold that Irish political philosophers have on ex-Confederate statesmen.

Mr. George Gorham being in the city, I asked him it he had not accompanied Mr. Conkling to the Yellow-atone Park. "Yes," said he, "and I saw Mr. Conkling afternoon and rode up-town in the omnibus with his after he left his office." "Does he ride in the omnibus !" He does; he says it gives him all his recreation. gets in about 6 o'clock, when everybody has come up town and the busacs are nearly empty. He can put air feet on the opposite seat and look and wear off the wear iness of the day." Said I: "He rides up from the depo to his house at Utica on a baggage or express wagon. "That is because he likes the driver," continued Gor "Coukling is just as like to take a fancy to porter or las over us to a man of station. He demand faithful service in all relations; after that is rendered he enjoys quaint, interesting people, whether they are edunot, and will make his political friends stand and wait till he has talked on the sidewa'k to such at

Ex Senator Conkling either has or has not skill. His argument in the case to take \$2,000,000 from Commodor Garrison either contained last Wednesday a palpable reference to Mr. Blaine writing a book, or Mr. Blaine's old enemy is not willing that Blaine any more than Ga field shall have silence and rest. He said to the Syracus lawyer, Comstock, according to the report: " Take a hy pothetical case: I offer you \$10,000 if you will write you recoilections and hints to enable one to make himself as great an orator as you are; would that contract if you assented come within the Statute of Fraudsi" That very day copies of Mr. Blaine's culogy on Garfield had been received in New-York through the mails bound up at the Government printing office. Does it require any further search to find who is, one excepted, the most maligna of mankind !

While the newspapers of the whole country are telling every day what tremendous work Bookwalter is doing in Ohio slaughtering Pendieton and getting ready to put bine staughtering Fencieton and getting ready to put himself into the Senata, it is a singular fact that he occu-nies every day his business office in Liberty-st. in this rity and spends his evenings almost invariably either in reading or in juist social intercourse with ladies and literary friends. He is a man somewhat above the medius height with a trim figure and with a rather military countenance, the nose straight, the skin pale and aristo cratic, the eyes dark and somewhat stern, but the genera address reliant and cheerful according to circum He was a poor boy, a farmer's son brought up in Indiana in the Wabash Valley not far from Logansport. He had hardly any advantages of ducation. His father had been an emigrant to Ohio from Berks County, Pennsylvania. Mr. Bookwalter has been a reader all his life and probably is one of the best-informed men at present with public intentions. He has been around the world, and everywhere examined meters on which he was preusly acquainted, beginning with some of the leading evolutionists in Eugland, with who,n he had previously sorresponded, and ending with engineers and projectors

in India. He has a great idea of the development of China and Japan under modern civilization. He been a widower many years, and has a large library an a remarkable museum. He publishes a journal devoted to his manufacturing interest here, and told me that he had 1,400 local agents for his different manufactures, Europe and South America. One of his notable man factures has been turbine water-wheels, which furnish light manufacturing power from streams all over the globe. Probably no public man in Ohio since Garfield has done as much manly reading for self-respect's sake.

The late Judge Black, of Pennsylvania, has been in th main eulogized. The tendency here is to give mi aneous adulation to a successful man after his death Black in some respects resembled the late Thurlow Weed: he was curious and inquisitive about strangers of prominence, but, after he got through with the ressed slight faith in them. He was not magnanim and no more fixed principles than the late Caleb Cushin and while he had a large vanity, he was still fonder of money. Nearly everything that he possessed he ac quired under the government of the Republican party, which took him by the hand and entertained him. Presdent Lincoln's Marshal, Mr. Lamon, gave him the enter ing wedge into his practice at Washington City. He never forgave anybody who differed with him in politics and General Garfield, who felt highly elated at tecomin a pet of Judge Black, found before he died that Black would never forgive him for having reached the Presidency. Buchanan was a weak man, ungrateful, suspici of his friends, but he had a broader measure of life and rule than Jeremiah Black, and more honor, and while too much of a toady, seldom was malicious or undignified. For an instance of a want of dignity hardly to b d, even in our day. Black's articles on the minded Henry Wilson and on the dead, firm Stanton, will serve as models. The Life of Lincoln, of which the first volume was published in Boston several years ago, and which the martyred President's friends generally repudiate, has been claimed for years to have received its chie instigation from Mr. Black. In that book doubts are thrown on Mr. Lincoin's legitimacy of birth. On the other hand, Republican critics have been remarkably mild in their references to Mr. Buchanan, as his last bio grapher reveals him. It seems that he was sent hon rom college and would have been expelled but for re-spect of his father. He broke the heart of the only young lady whom he ever courted, and, with a cold bloodedness that is remarkable, said to a Newfriend: "As a distraction from my great grief, and because I saw that through a political following I could secure the friends I then needed, I accepted a nomination for Congress." His friends had abandoned him because of his treatment of this young lady, and he says: " I saw that through a political following I could secure friend -not otherwise to be had for me.

The young men in the Navy are emulous to go to the assistance of Lieutenant Greely. Lieutenant Lucien Young, of the Minnesota, now in our harbor, has been studying Arctic matters for several years and has become considerable of an authority among the younge flicers. He said to me during the week that Greely had now been two years away and was provisioned up to next spring: "but," said be, "if we can't reach him by next spring he is gone." Said I: "Do you desire, after the experiences of Melville, Danenhower and others, to press into that frigid country ?" "Indeed I do," said he Young men in the Navy are not so much employed or active service at the present time that a chance like that will not be agreeable." In physique Mr. Young is one of the most powerful men in the service. He was sent t the Naval Academy in 1868 from Kentucky; the muscles in his limbs are like bands of steel.

A friend of Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, was telling ne how he felt since is election. Said he: "Knott had to do a good deal of hard work during his campaign, stumping over the State, and it gave him exercise an took all that dyspepsia out of him. The people all over Kentucky, without distinction of party, were sick and tired of old Dr. Blackburn, the former Governor. He demagogued into that office by professions of philanthropy, and his administration of it made every Kentuckian feel ridiculous. Proctor Knott is one of our most singular characters; he has the reputation of being a great story-teller, yet if you were to ask him to tell a story he could not do it. He has peculiar instincts, and will sit and listen, looking forward now and then, barely onveying the idea that he is taking some interest in the talk, and suddenly when something strikes him he will ourst into laughter after an hour er two have passed He will suddenly strike in and tell a story, then another will come, and when he is in that mood, which he canno strike voluntarily, he is the most charming teller of tale that Kentucky ever had."

A wealthy man tells me that the portion of Broadway above Thirty-fourth-st., which has so long been in dilapidated condition, permitting the improvements and stores to slip past it up Fifth-ave. and rival streets, will into use, as some of the younger heirs of that property have become of age.

If John Wesley were alive he would take the deepest interest of one kind or another in the new brown-ston Methodist church which is approaching completion in Madison-ave. not far from the foot of the Park. It bears some resemblance to the improved portions of Columbia College on the same street, but is altogether more elaborre insignia, scalloped tower, etc. There seems to t coat-of-arms worked into it somewhere. This church is the richest Methodist church of the city, par excellence.

Mr. Blaine is generally regarded as out of the Presideatial struggle, but I notice one or two significant things in the region of Pennsylvania. That State has always been a Blaine State, of ever since 1873. position of the Republican leaders in that State to Mr. Blaine cost them their supremacy. Mr. Cameron is in a duplous state of health and his active interference in politics for the future is not clear, while many of his ieutenants who have never been opposed to Blaine at eart, now show a desire to harmonize with the body of the Republican party there. Events that are taking place in the City of New-York also show that the par-ticular influence which discouraged Mr. Blaire here is mimportant. The friction of newly arising quantitle against old ones prove to be powerful. Mr. Blaine never had enemies in the State of New-York among either th subsidiary politicians or the people, except as they were His hold on Ohio is sti nduced by the patronage. strong, and throughout the West it can easily be aroused. The present lull on the Presidential question and the in cidental quietness of Mr. Blaine engaged at his literary work favor the suggestion that perhaps the Secretary of State of James A. Garfield will not be completely over looked when snother Convention mets to put a man in Garfield's sent.

The United States is rich in farm scenery, and one must

hesitate to determine where he should locate the idea; agricultural country. I think that Frederick, Maryland, very near its centre. That is one of the oldest Western settlements in the Western world; it was the rival ploneer town to Lancaster in Pennsylvania. Each of these towns projected communications with the Ohio Valley. Each manufactured rifles, fron, and other matters needed beyond the great mountains. Both are to-day dull towns not good for young men to stay in who wish to have careers. From both have proceeded strong men. Taney, the Chief-Justice of Slavery, is buried behind the Catholic Convent Church in Frederick. Buchanan is buried in the environs of Lancaster. Both are unloved men. Taney left daughters who tound no hu-bands. Buchapan had no wife. Taney and Buchanan were both graduated at Dickinson College, which stands almost midway between Frederick and Lancaster, in the great Cumberland Val-Frederick and Lancaster, in the great Cumberland Val-ley. About this college Buchanan and Taney are both lukewarm in their references. Mr. Buchanan says in the life recently published of him: "Dickinson College was in a wretched condition, and I have often regretted that I had not been sent to some other institution." Mr-Taney says: "The college in my day was a small and shabby one fronting on a dirty alley." I do not quote these references except to show that men out of demo eratic sympathy with freedom and with fair play never love their college institutions. If the cellege does not breed in them hate of tyranny they grow in their subsequent career to hate the college. Therefore all institu tions of learning in America which expect to have the love of their graduates ought to teach them breadth of soul and broad sympathics.

NOT SANGUINE OF DEMOCRATIC VICTORY.

From The Macon Telegraph and Messenger (Dem.)

We do not invest heavily in the rose-colored views of many Democrats as to the result of the next Democratic campaign. We know that the Democratic party is largely in the nascendancy so far as voters are concerned, but we have yet to see any evidence that the party is likely to display in the future any more wisdom than it has displayed in the past is marshaling the voters to the polls. The party is not yet agreed upon a policy, and the seen who are being boomed as Presidential candidates cannot be elected. In our judgment there is absolutely no hope of success under the leadership of Rancall, Holman, McDonald, Morrison and men of that calibre. The South will be expected to do the voting, and will, as heretofore, do it in a straightforward, uncompromising way, no matter who may be nominated. From The Macon Telegraph and Messenger (Dem.) calibre. The South will be expected to do the voting, and will, as heretofore, do it in a straightforward, uncompromising way, no matter who may be nominated. The failure will come, as it always has come, from the North. If the South could be united it could nominate a rood man, for the South has a great deal more of sense and honesty in political affairs than the North. There the machine does all of the work. Here the machine is unknown.

A SOUTHERN RIP VAN WINKLE

SLAVES" STILL HELD ON A FORGOTTEN ALABAMA PLANTATION.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. PITTSFIELD, Mass., Sept. 20 .- Last summer, on my way from Florida to Seima, Alabama, I deter-mined to make a part of the journey on horseback for the benefit of my health. I was unacquainted with the country, and so was the clergyman with whom I spent a night soon after I started. However, he produced an ancient map, and by its aid I chose the "Bottoms road" from Andalusia to Greenville, a distance of eighty-t miles, according to the same well-meaning guide. I had no idea that the "Bottoms road" was unused, until I had stiden until I had ridden perhaps twenty miles and left the last cabin behind me. But the weather was fine, and I would not turn back. When the first night came without the sign of a habitation, I tethered my horse, rolled myself in a blanket, and slept on the

All the next day I rode, and saw not a human being. At six o'clock, when I had already made up my mind to spend another night in solitude, I came upon a roadside camp-fire, beside which a negro sat. Of all colored men that I have met, this one was the fattest. greasiest and happiest. He gave me a bow as I stopped.

"Good evening," I returned. "Can you tell me how far I am from the nearest house ?"

"It's a pow'ful distance to walk!" the fellow grinned. "And who lives there when you get there !" I quesloned, after vainly trying to get the distance in or at least in length of time.
"Ole mars', he lib dar!" was the answer; and further

was another name for Mars' George Wiltsie, that I was then on the border of his plantation; that his residence was several miles distant; that the negro was yelept on; that his residence Sam;" that he resided with " ole mars'." and that he "was down dis way 'splorin' to see if dar couldn't be tin ber cut in dis seekshun." I was soon camping by his fire, with my horse feeding near by on the grass. LIKE MASTER LIKE CLAVE. In ten minutes I made up my mind that "Sam" was the most ignorant of Africans. Could be tell me how

far I had travelled since the yesterday morning? He had no idea. How far to the next turn? Didn't know; never heard of a next turn. How far to the neares neighbor! Didn't 'spect that there was any neares neighbor now. Mars' Pelton used to be nearest, but his ouse was burned these dozen years. After many other questions, the answer to each leave ng me more and more convinced of the creature a ignor-

ance, he began to praise Mr. Wiltsie, concluding with:
"De bee' mas'r in Alabam'! Nebber selled any of us night

"De bes' mas' in Alabam': Neober sected with him the same as you did before you were freed?"

"We ain't freed!" declared the paragon of ignorance; and I now came to the conclusion that he was a fool! Out of all patience, I fixed my bunk for the night and placed my pistol at my pillow. In the morning the negro was not to be found, and I was more and more couvinced of his insanity, and had him in mind as I rode.

SOMETHING LIKE A MOATED GRANGE.

My third day's journey—at least the forenoou's part of it—was not unlike the first and second days. At 2 o'clock I suddenly came upon a field of corn by the road side. A little further on five or six negroes were standing. among them "Sam" of the previous night. "Dat's him!"s
I heard "Sam" say as I approached, and like the cows
and mules the negroes scampered. I went on to the
house. It was an old-fashioned typical Southern house
that had evidently seen better days. The main door was

that had evidently seen better days. The main door was of heavy carved oak, battered and weather-beaten, and the knocker that I took up was much worn.

It was ten minutes or more before my twice-repeated knock had an answer. Then the door was opened slowly by a colored woman. A nod of the head answered my question as to whether the master was at home, and searcely invited I went in. The woman vanished, to appear again after a minute with a searcd face.

"Walk up, mas'r "see said, leading the way up the stairs and through halls. I was usnered into a large room fitted as a library. A gentieman occupied an arm-chair beside an oriel window. His face was yellow, his hair was long and white, and a heavy grizzied beard, bung over his breast. He was a man of more than severenty years, with remarkable blue eyes, that flashed in a definant way as I introduced myself.

"I cannot arise, sir," he said, in a lofty tone. "Be seated and tell my what years here."

definat way as I introduced myself.

"I cannot arise, sir," he said, in a lofty tone. "Be scated, and tell me what you have come here for."

"I would like to remain with you all night."

"Yes; but travellers never come through here. You are the first travellers—the first white person that had been here—that I have seen—in more than twenty years.

Why did you come!"

I gave my rease.

been here—that I have seen—in more than twenty years.
Why did you come!"
I gave my reason as well as I could.
"You must have lost your way." the gentleman said.
"I never have visitors. The Bottom read is never "Then there is a better road by which you get out!"

"Then there is a decrease." Then there is a life in a large is a large in a l

The plantation of the Wiltsie family had originally comprised a section of five thousand acres. It had been in the family since the State was settled. The father of the present owner had been a politician of some emi-nence, and also a man of wealth. He had left this one son, who had married and inherited the estate. After a few years of a happy life the wife had died, and two sons gladdened the father's heart. They were educated College on the same street, but is altogether more elabor-ate, and the Vanderbiit houses hardly excel it for sculpt-from their graduation twenty-three years ago. One-John-had gone to New-Orleans to purchase slaves, and had been murdered there. The other-James-had in

had been murdered there. The other—James—had in the following year enlisted in the Confederate army and been stricken with a malignant fever when in camp as Seima, and there had died. The deaths of the two sons had been heavy blows to the planter, and in both cases had been occasions of prejudice to him.

"John's death determined me that I would never buy or sell another staye, and I never have," he said. "Before James's death I was an advocate of the freedom of the South. But after the death of James id dit not care what became of the South?"

"I do not care to see the world." he said. "No one comes, and if by any chance they do, they shall have my welcome. : am content as I am. The world gots on, I suppose, but how, or in what way, I do not care. I take no papers, have no mail, communicate with no one. We make our own sugar, flour and meal; raise our meat, grain and fruit. I take no interest in our Government, and neither know or care who is Governor of Alabama or President of the Confederate Southern States of America. I do no trading; my goods and slaves that I have satisfy me. In more than twenty years I have not bought nor sold saything, from a box of pills to a siave!" RIP VAN WINKLE REDIVIVUS.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Wiitsie," I said, "but do you

not know the history of the last twenty years !" "I know not and care less!" was the auswer. "I hope you do not propose to enlighten me. If you do, as a matter of pity to me, I will excuse you. I do not care to know. The histories of times past that I read are just the same as that of times recent-names, dates and places being changed." " But surely you know the result of the rebellion !"

He struck the table with his clenched fist, exclaiming excitedly, "I tell you once more that I do not know what has been done, and I do not care!" "I see that you suppose that the accession was suc

cessful ?" " · Suppose it!" I have never thought," he replied. "A

"Suppose it! I have never thought," he replied. "A well-made scheme is always successful. Though little I care for citizenship. I am proud to be a citizen of the Confederate States."

"Way," I said, "do you not know that the civil war resulted in suppression of the rebellion! The secession was a failure.

The man giared at me and said nothing.

"You spoke of slaves," I continued. "You do not prettend to own slaves may, do you!"

He glared more flerecly, and did not answer.

"There are no slaves in America," I continued.

"Every slave in the South is a free person!"

Still he glared, and then he hissed.

"Are you from New-York!"

"I am from Massachusetts," I answered.

"You are a fool," he said. "When Sam came home at indoight saying that a crazy man had met him in the bottom lands, I knew whom to expect. Sam ran away from you last night because he saw you were crazy. But I thought then and know now that you are a Northern sorchead. You have come here to amuse me with lies."

Keeping my temper as well as Icould, I looked him squarely in the face.

"Mr. Wittsle," I said, "let me ask you a question, will see answer the directly it."

Keeping my temper as well as Icould, I looked him squarely in the face.

"Mr. Wiltste," I said, "let me ask you a question, will you answer it directly?"

"Weil!" he said sharply.

"Do you not know that Alabama is still a member of the Union, as it was before it seceded? And do you not know that alabama is still a member of the Union, as it was before it seceded? And do you not know that siavery is abolished?"

After abusing and cursing me he gave me a most emphatic "no."

There were four or five hours from the time of my arrival until I was shown to my room, and in that time it ried as well as I could to convince my host that I had told him that which was true. But in vain were my efforts. The old man was positive that he was right, and confident that I was a lar. We had supper, and at 8 o'clock he called his "slaves" into the house, and read prayers. There were nine of the negross—three men and four women, who were gray headed, and a grif in her teens, and a little boy. They sat with towed heads, and after the reading went out. Then Mr. Witsie signified that I had better retire, and one of the women took a tallow candle and conducted me to a chamber. When my sable excert withdrew sine boiled the chamber door. The two windows nad already been nalled up.

At 7 o'clock the next morning I was let out of my prison, and sat at the master's frugal breakfast immediately after. He was very uncommuticative; and when the meal was over, before he had rang for "Sam" to wheel out his chair, he said to me:

"Good-by!" You can be off as soon as you may please!"

"Good-by! You can be of the servants showed me out. My horse was at the door, and when I rode on it was in the opposite direction from which I had come the night previous. After two days of hard riding I arrived at Delin Plantation near Greenville, not having seen a person since leaving Mr. Wittsio's. Not at all temy surprise I found that the heralt-plantac's nearest neighbors (forty miles from him) did not know of his existence, or that there was a plantation on the "bota toms road."